

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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VOL. I.

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NO. 27.

FROM THE BOSTON TRUMPET.
A SERMON.

"And they shall drive thee from men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

Daniel iv, 32.

Every man, who believes that the path of virtue is thorny, and that of vice is pleasurable, is not only deceived, but has not yet learned that the Most High holds the reins of government, and dispenses to his creatures their rewards and punishments. It is evident, if every man solemnly believed that a course of sin would bring upon him certain and unavoidable misery—and that every species of dishonesty would lessen his fortune in the world, he would abandon his course, and turn his feet to the testimonies of God. The transgressor is therefore deceiving himself, is resting under a strong delusion, and is yet ignorant that the Almighty rules throughout his vast dominions. Certain it is that a wicked man was never happy while remaining in that condition, and it is equally certain that no one ever yet went unpunished.

To this point we intend to invite your serious attention in this discourse. The expression in our text, "till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men," does not only imply a knowledge of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, who governs the world, but an obedience to the moral laws of his empire. On this proposition we purpose to offer a few rational, and not only rational, but irresistible arguments. We will first notice the condition of those who are guilty of heinous crimes, and then come down to the common walks of life, and bestow a few remarks on those who are indifferent about their condition, and only guard their conduct so far as comports with the customs and manners of that portion of the community, who have no higher principle of action than to be considered respectable among men.

Though we come before the public to defend the doctrines of Christ, yet, my friends, you will bear in mind that it is also our duty to enforce his precepts, and exhort to the obedience of the gospel. That we should point out the road of sin, error and misery, and also endeavor to throw the light of heavenly truth on the pathway of human life.

We will begin with the murderer, who wantonly imbueth his hands in the blood of his fellow. So far as he has violated the laws of his country, he is a subject for public execution, and has nothing to hope for, at the tribunal of human justice. His misery, whether it arises from the contemplation of an ignominious death, or the fear of detection, or from the consciousness of having violated the moral principles of his nature, is alike insupportable, as well as indescribable.

Is he detected? Shut out from the world and confined in his loathsome cell, he is left to his own reflections, and to all the horrors of the gathering storm. But even admitting that he should escape detection, and be left to his own meditations on his deed of blood, he would, like Cain, breathe out in agony of soul, "my punishment is greater than I can bear!" He might, indeed, mingle with the busy throng—he might

even smile, and wear a face of pleasure, but behind this mantled mask he would conceal a heart of pain. He might, indeed, gaze upon the landscape, listen to the songs of the grove, and contemplate the glories of nature, but the charm, that once gave him ecstatic delight and solid joy, is vanished from his sight; and all, that once was fair, and lovely, wears the frown of darkness and indignation. He gazes upon little children, and hears their artless and innocent prattle, reflects what he once was, and every joy, that sparkles in their eyes, sends a dagger to his heart. The rustling of a leaf strikes him with alarm, and every passing breeze bears to his tormented soul the groans of the dying man, and conscience forces him to listen to the heart-rendering tale of woe. Fain would he fly from himself, and enjoy one hour's repose; but alas! that God, who rules in the kingdom of men, has written a law in his heart, where he reads and feels his condemnation, and where conscience sits on the judgment seat, constantly holds him arraigned at her tribunal, and fans up in his bosom the burning flames of hell! He may lie down on his pillow, but spectres haunt his brain; and awake, asleep, at home, abroad, he finds that he has rendered his own existence a curse. He lives in misery, and in darkness expires.

Let us next notice the thief, who plunders our property. His crime is of less magnitude than the above, but his guilt is in proportion. No one by such means has ever enriched himself. He, who obtains property by dishonorable means, is ignorant of its value, and will dishonorably spend it. He has forgotten that God governs the world. Our state-prisons and penitentiaries not only (so far as human laws are concerned) reveal his fate, but speak his woes. But suppose he escapes detection, and is only exposed to the naked and fearful grandeur of that law which God has written in the heart. He hears its thunders, and he feels its fires. He has taken from some fellow being his hard earnings, and sees him and perhaps his children mourning their misfortune and suffering the miseries of adversity. Guilt takes possession of his soul, and misery, which the hand of time cannot extinguish, rolls its dark waves of damnation upon him, and drowns his dearest joys, while poverty marks him for her own.

God has so constituted his plans in the government of the world that the plunderer cannot prosper. Inward horrors and fears of detection abstract his mind from the proper duties of life, so that misfortune and defeat find their way into his plans, which might otherwise by calm deliberation have succeeded; and disappointment and misery, satiety and disgust, and all the evils that are the offspring of his iniquity, commingling in a thousand ways, render his existence wretched. Relying upon dishonesty for support, he becomes but a midnight beggar. His slumbers are haunted by frightful dreams; and fear of detection, prisons and dungeons are torturing his imagination and incessantly sporting with his broken peace. He is a stranger to those solid joys arising from the practice of virtue, is doomed to encounter all the miseries that attend his ill-chosen career, and to drink every drop of wormwood and gall that Heaven has mingled in the cup of dishonor. He lives a nuisance and pest to society, and dies covered with infamy.

In all this we shall see the truth of our text exemplified, that God rules in the kingdom of men, and brings punishment, not only upon a haughty monarch seated on the throne of nations, but upon every transgressor however obscure may be his condition in the walks of private life. The sovereign decree of his empire is—"THOUGH HAND JOIN IN HAND, YET SHALL THE WICKED NOT GO UNPUNISHED."

But we take our leave of flagitious crimes, and proceed to notice men in the common walks of life. Every man who makes riches, or public honors the chief end of all his pursuits, and gives all his attention to the attainment of his object, and over-reaches in bargains whenever an opportunity offers, or sets various prices on his merchandize, according to the person with whom he deals—such a man will never feel himself filled with riches, nor satisfied with honors. The reasons are obvious. He commences his career under the impression that happiness, contentment and all the rational enjoyments of life consist in wealth, and in human greatness. He soon finds himself in possession of as large a fortune as he first supposed would make him happy. But his desires for more, having imperceptibly expanded, he finds within an increased restlessness, and even greater desires for more than when he first set out. He still believes, according to his original impression, that happiness lies in gold; and that the only reason why he has not obtained those solid joys in possession which he first anticipated, is because he still needs more. But though wealth may flow upon him in oceans, his cravings for more will ever swell beyond what earth can give, and leave him a more wretched being than he was at the commencement of his course. Here is his loss—here is his punishment. God has not planted happiness in wealth. "A competence is all we can enjoy, O, be content where heaven can give no more."

Or let him rise to that station of honor, which he now believes will satisfy him, and his ambition would aspire to one more exalted. Let him govern one kingdom, and he would desire to subjugate another till the whole world bowed to his nod. And were every star an inhabited world, and did he possess means to invade them, his ambition would continue to soar till he ruled the universe, and were there no object left to which he might still direct his ambition and continue to soar, he would sit down in despair; and, like Alexander the Great, weep and sigh for more worlds to conquer.

All this restlessness and misery arise from false notions of happiness—from not realizing that the Most High rules in the kingdom of men—and from a want of confidence in his word, which points the rich and poor alike to that noble path of virtue and religion, where true happiness and unbroken peace forever reign. By men embracing virtue, and in their feelings and actions ever acknowledging the supremacy of Jehovah, inevitably leads to happiness and contentment. But in doing this we are not to deprive ourselves of the enjoyment of honest gotten wealth, nor of the rational pursuits and interchanges of social and domestic life. Religion was not given to deprive us of the common comforts and conveniences of life, but to sweeten them. Our Redeemer says, "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;

FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land."
Isaiah ix, 18.

This sublime and beautiful prediction of the inspired prophet is glorious indeed. It referred to the peaceful reign of Immanuel, the conquering Prince of Peace. The holy prophet in this and the context, in glowing language, describes that grand and refulgent morning when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings, and shine on the moral world in full meridian splendor. Endowed with prescience, his enraptured spirit soared on pinions of love divine, beyond the legal dispensation; and with an eye of faith beheld that august period when the glorious Messiah shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land." O, what a sublime and glorious prediction! It was dictated by divine inspiration, and the era will arrive when it will be fulfilled in glorious order. But now, alas, violence is heard in our land; wasting and destruction within our borders. The sound of eternal violence and wo emanates from thousands of pulpits, dedicated to the worship of the almighty God of love, and the blessed Prince of Peace.—Millions on millions of the human race have heard the fulminations of endless violence and wo, and inspired with the most agonizing terror, have viewed their heavenly and unchanging Father as an almighty and eternal enemy to the largest portion of his creatures;

Who has prepared an endless hell,
Where wicked fallen angels dwell,
To which at last he will consign
The largest portion of mankind!

What awful and soul-chilling sounds!
They've pierced every ear,
And fill'd the human heart with dread
And superstitious fear.

The sound of endless violence and wo has frightened the aged, the young and the timid.—Wafted on the deleterious gales of fanaticism and superstition, it has reached the ears of the sick and the dying, destroyed their hope of a blessed and happy immortality beyond the tomb; and O, it has caused thousands to close their eyes in gloom and despair!

My Christian friends, do not give ear to the dreadful sound of eternal violence and wo, and damnation. Hark! the gospel trumpet sounds the notes of free salvation—listen to the heavenly music, and rejoice. Follow Jesus, the everlasting Prince of Peace. He will not fail nor be discouraged. He will ultimately bring about the reign of universal peace. Then "violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders:" but "thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise." "And the ransomed of the Lord (who gave himself a ransom for all) shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads;" obtain immortal felicity, and chant with angels and arch-angels the deathless honors of immortal love and boundless grace, and all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, whom to know is life eternal.

NOBLE SENTIMENT.

In looking over the letters and correspondence of General Washington, we experienced renewed pleasure in the perusal of the following noble and highly characteristic reply of the illustrious American, to General Gates, who, upon the representation made to him by Washington, relative to the treatment of the American prisoners at Boston (then occupied by the British,) where no regard was shewn either to rank or state of the prisoner, said in answer to Washington, 'that they, (the prisoners) had been treated with indiscriminate kindness, as he

knew of no rank that was not derived from the king.' 'You affect to despise, sir,' said Washington in reply, 'all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable, than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of power. May that God, to whom you appeal, judge between America and you. Under his providence, those who influence the councils of America, are determined at the hazard of their lives, to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges, which they received from their ancestors.' Sentiments like these are surely worthy of all emulation; and cannot sink too deeply into the minds of the freemen of this country. If in the annals of greatness, there be one character more luminous than another, lending its mingled light of genius, valor, and a lofty patriotism to our national history; and throwing into the shade, from its 'excessive bright,' the lesser luminaries, who, from time to time, have set their watch in the political firmament of our country—it is the character of Washington! But what pen can hope to do justice to that character? View it under what aspect we may, its surpassing moral grandeur overpowers the mind! Envy grows pale as it contemplates the character of Washington; and virtue feels that it were superfluous to offer the incense of its praise:

'A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.'

Charleston Courier.

HOME.

It is a trite remark, but not less true for being oft repeated, that man is a social being. By the constitution of divine providence, he is constrained to look for a large proportion of his earthly happiness in the social and domestic relations of life. This is a wise arrangement. Its tendency is most happy upon the best interests of society. Every thing, therefore, which is calculated to mar the happiness of the domestic circle; to blunt the social feelings and to cause a diminished interest in families one toward another, ought to be carefully guarded against. "Home," in the language of a respected periodical, ought to be not only "the place of refreshment and rest, but the place of cheerful enjoyment; the place to which parents turn and look back wishfully as they withdraw, and which, seen from a distant hill top, fills them with joy inexpressible as they return—a place which childhood loves, which, manhood cannot forget, but which, even after it has nestled for itself, affords at every return a renewal of the pleasures of early childhood, saddened and softened often by the remembrance of the dead." But how different are many homes! How much unhappiness is often witnessed, where nought but quietness, and harmony and love should appear! And why should it be thus? Why should the place which is designed to be "the seat of piety and happiness, a sacred garden, where parents and children are to grow and thrive and flourish and bear fruit, until the great husbandman transplants them to the fields above,"—why should it not always answer the benevolent intention of the great Father of all? Simply, because wrong feelings and bad passions are permitted to influence and sway the mind. There is not that mutual forbearance and tenderness of feeling manifested towards one another which the family relation demands. Sometimes it happens, that parents indulge in acrimony and bitterness between themselves. They drop angry words, betray sour feelings, put on a sullen countenance, and act out a fretful and complaining spirit. Nothing is more directly fitted

to spread a baleful influence through the domestic circle than such conduct on the part of parents. If they are peevish and sullen and unkind, their children will soon show a like disposition. The happiness of the domestic circle may, in this way, easily be interrupted and destroyed.—"The argument for the existence of a wise and benevolent Creator from the marks of design in the contrivances of the natural world, which Paley so admirably unfolds, is no less beautiful in its application to that contrivance of the social state, the family. It is a perfect system, in which the experience of mankind has found nothing defective, nothing excessive: which requires nothing to be added to it, and nothing taken from it, to make it a complete machinery of private and social welfare. How wonderful it should not be more the object of piety and patriotism to give it scope!" How wonderful, that this sacred retreat should ever be the theatre for the exhibition of unhallowed passions! It is contrary to nature, to reason, to scripture and to duty.—*Comm. Repository.*

THE TASTE AND HEART.

It has been observed, that a good Taste and a good Heart commonly go together. So general a phrase must not however be supposed to apply to that description of taste or heart, which the world is very apt to consider good. A heart to be really good, must be filled with virtuous emotions, and it is this kind of heart that is accompanied with good taste.

A sad fault has been committed by mankind in dwelling too much on what is ridiculous in subjects of Taste, and the general character has in consequence suffered; there is a word anglicised from frequent use, *virtu*, which has proved of serious disadvantage in this respect:—attention has been attracted to a variety of objects possessing no intrinsic merit, and the works of nature and genius have been disregarded; baubles have occupied a place in the esteem, that should have been reserved for gems, and the dross has been more prized than the rich metal. This is true not only of ornamental objects, but of books, of manners, aye, and of men. The eye is captivated by a dazzling hue, the imagination attracted by an imposing theme, cordiality invited by a suavity of demeanor, and respect won by an apparent honesty of purpose. All this may be tinsel, mere *bijouterie*, very pretty when new but soon tarnished by use; it is however, in fashion, and too well are we aware 'that fashion, after a manner, reconciles all things.'

A good heart will, however, enable us to distinguish between reality and affectation; the benevolent and generous affections that are hourly brought into play, open and expand the imagination and dispose the mind not only to the most pleasing, but to the most correct views of mankind and Providence; nothing can seduce the gaze from objects worthy of contemplation; the arts of chicanery, however skilfully they may be practiced, are at once detected by eyes accustomed to nobler visions, and the paltry bead cannot be mistaken for the diamond, let it sparkle as it will. There must ever be a close connection between natural and moral beauty, and as each is understood, it is impossible to sever a good taste from a good heart.

To keep a friend, be not with him too long at a time; study his temper, make thy company pleasant; at least not uneasy to him; therefore dwell not too much upon thy own grievances; or others' misdoings; or any thing else that may vex or tease him.

If, when thou art angry, thou couldst but defer punishment till some other fitter time, thou wouldst not often repent of it, and such wrath would seldom do amiss.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832.

REMOVAL.

The office of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER is removed to 85 1-2 Bowery, a few doors from Hester-street.

May 5, 1832.

NOTICE.

The Officers and Delegates of the several Universalist Societies, formed in their respective Wards in this city, will hold an adjourned Meeting of the Convention, in the Lecture-Room of the Orchard-street Church, on Monday evening next, (May 7th) at half-past seven o'clock.

By order of the President.

B. B. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

FREE AGENCY.

Considered in relation to endless misery.

It is amusing to observe the feelings of pride with which the Arminian has learned to look upon the fancied superiority and excellence of his system of religious faith, over the stern and uncompromising character of his less fortunate Calvinistic brother's. And at no time is this feeling more manifest, than when he contemplates the reasons on which he accounts for the wretched dogma of never-ending wo. The Calvinistic system recognizes a *decree* co-eternal with God, which without regard to character or conduct, elected some men to be regenerated in time, sanctified and saved, by the irresistible influences of divine grace and almighty power, and finally, to be made partakers of unending and perfect bliss in heaven; while others, in the mere sovereignty of God, he was pleased to pass by and ordain to wrath, and make them the never-dying sufferers of torments, which the tongue cannot speak, nor the heart conceive.

Such views, we confess, abhorrent to every mind which has not been broken down by fear, or perverted by education, so that in the strong language of inspiration, it is able to "call evil good, and good evil; to put darkness for light, and light for darkness." They charge the endless misery of the non-elect, directly and without dissembling, to the free and sovereign will of God their Creator and Father. They represent "the Judge of all the earth" as *partial*, consequently *unjust*; as *cruel*, and consequently unworthy of our love.

Our Arminian friends boast loudly of their views of the divine character and administration. They believe themselves to have freed God from all blame, and even from the liability to censure in the endless torments of the damned. They will tell you, that men are free agents, that they sin by no foreordination of God, and that they are condemned to ceaseless burnings by no eternal decree of reprobation. Consequently, if any man shall suffer in hell for ever, it is his own fault.

Now all that can in candor be said of this view of the subject is, that it is specious, plausible. It does not remove a single difficulty.—

It does not screen the character of God. It presents it, indeed, nicely infolded in gossamer, but the covering is too thin to hide its deformities, and rather adds to our disgust by the failure of the artifice.

We involuntarily ask, If man is a free agent, whence he derived that free agency? And it must be answered, God gave it. God gave man power to choose or refuse, to commit sin or practice righteousness. And man is accountable to him for the use of that power. Let all this be granted, and yet it must be acknowledged that *God infallibly knew how man would use his agency*. He knew how many, and who, would abuse it to their endless ruin. For our own part, we should regard it as altogether indifferent to ourselves, whether God created us with the fixed purpose and design of making us forever miserable, or whether he gave us a freedom or agency, which he knew we should abuse, and by which we should seal our fate in an eternal hell. Nor can we discover how we are under any greater obligations to God in one case than in the other, or how he is really guiltless of our blood in either.

But there is a most singular fact connected with this subject. Our Arminian brethren do virtually deny the power of God to control the human mind. In their view, he has bestowed a freedom which he cannot restrain, a liberty which no motives that he can present, or influences that he can exert, can secure from licentiousness, and finally, the utter and hopeless and eternal ruin of the agent. It would seem to us, that he who guides the forked lightning, and says to the hoary ocean, lashed by tempest into rage, "Thus far shall thou go and no farther, and here let thy proud waves be stayed," might also speak to the human mind under its most rebellious workings, "Peace, be still," and the lion-heart would become like a lamb. It certainly does not bespeak great goodness, and still less wisdom in the Almighty, thus to surrender the whole moral government and destination of the human race to their own weak and erring hand. Nor can we persuade ourselves, either from reason or Revelation, that he has done it.

But the worst has not been told. The eternal destiny of the human race, is not only suspended on the free agency of man, but is suspended on the use made of that freedom in this life. We could hardly believe that those, who are the greatest advocates in the world of the notion that we are morally and absolutely free, would yet assign this god-like power so narrow a sphere and so short a duration. And surely, we are permitted to suppose, what facts have, probably a thousand times verified, that multitudes have gone to eternity, who had enjoyed the boasted gift of moral freedom but a single year, a single month, a single day, indeed a single hour; and yet have gone, according to Arminian faith, to spend that eternity in wretchedness complete, without mitigation or without hope. There is enough in the supposition to startle Stoicism itself, for according to this view, God in the plenitude of his wisdom and love, has seen fit to suspend our future and eternal state on every moment, on every thought of our pre-

sent lives, since every moment and every thought may be our last, and our last decides for eternity!

The result of the Arminian system on this subject seems to us clear, if not satisfactory.—Had God designed the endless damnation of the great majority of mankind, he could not have been more successful in devising means by which to effect it. He has given us freedom, it is true, but such a freedom as no mortal would ever covet—a freedom to transgress and be consigned to a never-ending hell. He has given us power, liberty, but they serve rather as snares and traps and stumbling-blocks, into which we are liable to step, or over which to fall at every moment, and close the scene in the world of wo.

It will be found upon examination, we are of opinion, that these views are neither conformable to reason, nor consistent with themselves.—The difficulty appears to lie in the fact, that Arminians deny the existence of moral freedom in the future world. They seem to think, that God has here used every means in his power, exhausted every resource, for the conversion and salvation of sinners, that he has found them *incorrigible*, and that an eternity of grace would be of no avail to bring them to obedience and love. Their damnation is therefore necessary. This however is but solemn trifling. It is *limiting* the Holy One. It is exalting man above his Maker.

But it will be asked, is not man to be eternally as free as he now is? The Arminian must answer in the negative, or his whole theory crumbles to dust. Now this is unreasonable. Can it be that the blessed spirits about the throne of God, are *mere machinery*, while this world only affords an example of intellectual and moral freedom? Are we in this state, the only free agents in the universe? And when we have passed "through the valley of the shadow of death," are we like the rest, to become machines also? We know the idea of sin has become associated with that of free agency, but we are convinced that they have no necessary connexion. The saint if possible, is more free than the sinner, and the glorified spirit, who spends an eternity of love, far surpasses the humble inhabitant of earth.—But if the saints in heaven are free, are not the damned in hell free also? And if they are free, they are not incorrigible, nor beyond the reach of mercy and pardon.

Again: It has ever been contended by Arminians, if we mistake not, that *free agency* is essential to *accountability*; in other words, that no being can be *accountable*, who is not a *free moral agent*. We are not aware that this position is groundless or exceptionable; since it would seem manifestly unjust to punish an individual for an act, which he had neither liberty nor power to refrain from doing. This single consideration, is sufficient to screen from suffering all *totally depraved* beings, for they can have neither choice nor ability to do well.

Now punishment is most closely connected with accountability. Indeed it grows out of it. Destroy accountability and you annihilate the very idea of punishment. The maniac criminal

has lost his accountability; his punishment therefore ceases to be a punishment, and becomes a means of security, a blessing rather than a curse. But, if free agency is indispensable to accountability, and if accountability is essential to punishment, it is manifest that free agency must remain in the future world, and even in hell itself. Now this cannot exist without man has the power to choose the good and refuse the evil; in other words, to reform and consequently to become happy.

Once more: We may be told, perhaps, that even if man should retain his freedom of will in the world to come, there is no probability he would repent. We reply, that God has inseparably united virtue and happiness, and vice and misery; and no human being will deny that man will eventually learn this fact, and then practice upon it. The result if left to free agency, is as certain as existence itself. The Arminian, of course, can make out the doctrine of endless misery, only by supposing man a free agent in this life, and a mere machine forever after—a supposition little creditable to his candor or consistency. S.

Br. S. J. Hillyer, we are happy to learn, has received and accepted an invitation to settle as Pastor of the Universalist Society lately formed in Brooklyn. It is a matter of no little pleasure that we are to have a ministering brother so near us, and this pleasure is very much heightened by our long and intimate acquaintance with Br. Hillyer. May the great head of the Church bless both pastor and people, and build them up in the most holy faith. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were forwarded to the Editors of the Universalist Watchman, by Mr. Monroe, for publication, the first of which they inserted verbatim. We give place to them in accordance with Mr. Monroe's request, as also to expose the pitiful measures to which our Limitarian friends frequently resort to intimidate those who have independence to think for themselves. P.

Mr. Monroe—Sir I feel it to be my duty to address you on a most important subject I am a person who never saw you therefore you may be surprised at my taking the liberty of addressing you in such a manner but since you as well as I have got an immortal soul to be saved or lost now dear sir how do you feel about exchanging world's this you I presume are sensible that you must undergo shortly and can you in secret before god lay your hand on your heart and say in view of a judgment day that you are prepared to meet your god if you can in sincerity all is well if not I am sure if you are wise for yourself you will try to make peace with God immediately Dear sir I beseech you to keep in mind that you must stand or fall for yourself and that you are acting for yourself the same as though you was the only person in the world you are rich I suppose in this world goods but I presume this is unsatisfying and could you stretch out your hands and call all the world your own it could not satisfy your immortal mind no the soul wants something that this world cannot give or take away O remember that the clods of yonder valley will soon cover your remains and your soul be in eternity and nothing more will be heard from you until the shrill trumpet of the arch angel shall summons you with all the world to appear before God O then where will you appear let your conscience answer now yes let conscience have a fair hearing.

O what an honest hour that will be every mouth will be stopped there will be no complaining of the injustice of God all will see and feel the justice of him that rideth upon the whirlwind only contemplate for a moment upon the

loss of an immortal spirit the mind is lost and it is enough to make me shudder at so fearful a consequence. Dear sir if you have not met with that saving change spoken of by the Savior I beg of you to resolve while reading this let others do as they will as for you you will seek the salvation of your soul you have enough of this world's goods therefore lay aside all business and give your whole mind to the subject of your souls salvation for you have not a moment to loose O fly to the Savior before he shall become your judge seek no other peace but peace in God for there is no other true substantial happiness on this side of the grave but in religion O Sir I expect to meet you at the judgment with our souls undressed then you will know who addresses you and not before these lines will then rush upon your mind like lightning and pierce your soul with the keenest horror if you do not take timely warning and flee the wrath to come O I beg and beseech you by all the notions which can be drawn from Heaven earth and Hell to take timely warning o flee before the storm of God's wrath shall overtake you if you do not you will have to take up the sad lamentation the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is lost forever and may God have mercy on your soul is the sincere prayer of your well wisher
FAREWELL.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

As the writer of the above anonymous letter, appears to be much distressed for the welfare of strangers, particularly, for one whom he never saw—as he has manifested no small degree of shame as well as cowardice, in the act of withholding his name—as it is a truth that such impositions are too frequently practiced upon those who dare think, and act for themselves, by such as assume the prerogative of being called “the Orthodox,” and as I am sensible, the privilege is indisputably mine, to make suitable replication, I hasten to improve the opportunity, and offer a few remarks for the consideration of all such modern Pharisees, as are in the habit of imposing upon their kindred under the dark refuge of a fictitious name. First I would inform you, that I am a grey headed old man; I have been privileged, to understand, in part, the subtleties and selfishness of human nature; therefore your beseeching and begging, is nothing new to me. You may frighten and intimidate the young, but keep in mind, Sir, that you have now an old veteran to deal with. I prefer argument to declamation, bombast and enthusiasm. The Creator and all glorious Benefactor of the Universe, has manifested his goodness to me in the preservation of my life to the present moment, with many of the comforts of this world, and with the blessed hope that I shall be one of the enjoyers, through the instructions and good will of a risen Savior, of that eternal world of Glory, to which God has purposed to bring, and reconcile, the imperfect sons of Adam. Here my happiness will be commensurate with the Nature of my Preserver. My life will be indistructable, and the eternally unfolding, yet never unfolded beauties and perfections of God, the only object of my adoration, contemplation and delight? Man, whoever thou art, I believe thee to be a most consummate hypocrite, and one who art influenced more by the fear of hell than the love of virtue. You, Sir must receive according to your just deserts, you may call this harsh language—you may say, “It is a hard saying, who can bear it?” But I am of the opinion, that God “bears not the sword in vain,” that you, with all other sinners in Zion, will (after being punished for your hypocrisy) finally be made white in the all atoning “Blood of the Lamb” and endlessly participate in Mount Zion of the “feast of fat things.” You ask me whether I am prepared to meet God. I answer, No, for if I were, then I should not need to undergo the

change spoken of (1st Cor. 15th, 51, 54.) When my body returns to the Earth as it was, my spirit will go to God who gave it, but the “body,” the “Man,” the “Earthly” must first be clothed with immortality. Twice you have spoken of my riches! once you have advised me to lay by all business; once, to make peace with God, intimating that God is my enemy. You advised me to fly to Jesus before he becomes my Judge. To the last I reply, eighteen hundred years ago it was said by Jesus himself (5th John 22) “The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.” Your advice is therefore out of season.

Again, I ask what do you mean in advising me to make peace with God?—Believe me when I say, there is perfect friendship subsisting between us, I have already entertained of Him, the most favorable opinion. I believe him infinitely lovely, a friend to all his works, and that he is unchangeably so—as for laying “aside all business,” God forbids it. (Rom. 12, 11.) Your message therefore is not of heavenly origin. When speaking of my riches, did not the Bequest of the late Philanthropic Stephen Girard trouble you? As for “the storm of God's wrath,” we don't read of any such thing; and if you are afraid of any such thing, it must be the result of a guilty conscience: In conclusion, therefore, I advise you to flee to Christ as your friend, not to make him such, lay hold of the principles of honesty, embrace the present advantages resulting from a knowledge of the truth; from henceforth be not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; talk, write, act and think like a man; write no letters to which you are ashamed to subscribe your name, then righteousness will pave the way before you; darkness will be exchanged for light; crooked things be made straight; you will then realize that dishonesty is hell; that honesty is Heaven; that all men are brethren; that God is their Father; that Heaven is their home; that Christ is their Savior, and that ultimately “He will see of the travail of his soul;” be satisfied, and the human family enabled to rejoice in the ultimate salvation, and consequent happiness of a once miserable world. Should you see fit, as I hope you may, to write me, and point out the inconsistency of my views, in a Christian-like reasonable manner, subscribing your name and place of residence, your communications shall receive all the attention which they may deserve. From the Post mark it appears your letter was mailed at Rome, N. Y. but whether it was written there or not, I am not positive. One thing, however, is positively true, viz. it looks like the works of darkness.

JOSHUA MONROE.

P. S. Editors of newspapers are requested to give publicity to the above letter (from Rome) and the answer, that the Public may judge of the secret fruits of darkness carried on by the believers in Endless Misery, and that peradventure this answer may meet the eye of my pretended friend.
J. M.

“THERE'S NOT ANY BODY TO WEEP AFTER HIM.”

On Monday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, a man was observed driving slowly up Chesnut-street—he was sitting in a chair placed over a coarse coffin, commonly called a shell, and the whole was sustained on a pair of gig wheels. In the coffin was the body of a man who had died in the Walnut-street prison. The sight is not so uncommon as to attract much attention, and of course few observations were made. As we passed a lady and her little child, we felt persuaded from a single remark, that the former had been informing the latter, that the box contained a dead man, and that he was then being taken to the burying place. The little child looked again anxiously at the solitary

cart, and the coffin of the unhonored dead, and turning to her elder companion, she said:—

"There is nobody to weep after him."

And that indeed was the case. There is the curse of crime:—the felon has enough to weep for him living, but dead—"there's nobody there to weep after him."

It is in our nature, and it is increased and fixed more strongly by our education, to love the opinions of mankind, and to covet their praise even after death. The pyramids of Egypt, and the scantling slab that marks the resting place of poverty in the potters field, are both alike illustrations of this desire, which neither philosophy nor crime can eradicate. In the pride of our hearts, we may talk of death with complacency, and go and look at the tomb which is to hold our decaying frame: but man has not yet steeled himself to indifference at the contemplation of a lonely death hour, to be drawn away to the rudely formed pit, "with not any body to weep after him." The death pains are enough, when friends stand around to mitigate them. The filmy eye trembles in its gathering darkness, even when the finger of friendship is closing down the lid, and the soul starts back from the forgetfulness that must succeed to death, even when multitudes will follow to weep "after the body." But to open for the last time the glazed eye upon vacancy, to feel clammy moisture on the lip and have no hand to wipe it away—to know that the grave which is open for your dying frame, will close upon it without a monument and without a sod—to die in the full consciousness that you will be dragged through the street in full day, and "not one to weep after you"—that is death—and that is a criminal's death—and could the being who sets at defiance the laws of the land, feel that its customs also were so against him,

"Vice in his high career would stand appalled."

And were we the presiding judge of a criminal court, we would add to the usual sentence of the culprit which gives him to a prison, "and should you die therein, you shall be taken thence in a coffin through the street in full day, with nobody to weep after you."—United States Gazette.

FROM THE UNIVERSALIST PREACHER.

EXTRACT FROM BR. O. A. SKINNER'S SERMON.

It is not easy to account for the introduction of many sentiments, which are held as sacred in the christian church. Among the many which might be mentioned, I will name the doctrine of infinite severity in God. In this I am unable to discover the least resemblance to the divine nature or administration, and it appears directly opposed to those principles, which all experience has found adapted to the governing motives of man. And yet, many consider it one of the most important and reforming doctrines of the church, and they give it a chief place in all their sermons, exhortations and prayers. And it may be considered the parent of that awful language respecting God, and those violent measures in the treatment of sinners, that distinguish the present age. This doctrine supposes, that the only way to gain the ascendancy over the heart, is, by storm; that terror and the threatenings of vengeance are the only means to move the guilty, and that these are applicable to men in all their stages of vice.

Now we believe, that every sin will receive a punishment according to its magnitude. This is agreeable to scripture and universal experience. But there is a wide difference between this and infinite severity, or perhaps I shall be better understood, by saying, infinite punishment. One is the work of a kind Father, who punishes for the good of his children; the other, of a tyrant, who torments to gratify his malignity and pour out his revenge.

To prove the influence of love, and its superiority over severity or cruelty, is the object of this discourse.

And I begin by asking, whether the tyrannical or merciful master succeeds the best in the government of his subjects? I am aware that some will reply, many are so ignorant and debased, that they must be kept under the spirit of bondage; that they must be driven by terror. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the obedience produced in this way is only outward: while the body obeys, the soul is aversion. But is it true, that the uncultivated soul is incapable of being governed by kindness and love, and of exercising gratitude? If so, it must be below even the brute creation, for kindness has been known to triumph with them, when cruelty had been exerted in vain.

The lessons of experience in the government of subjects, are wholly in favor of kindness, even with the most degraded and besotted. Indeed, this has been found to be the only way to produce inward obedience. All the instruments of cruelty and weapons of fear have never been known to produce a willing compliance with duty. The soul of man with all its degradation, possesses too much self-love and respect, to be governed by tyranny. Why is it, that one master is continually receiving the praises of his subjects, while another is receiving their denunciations? Is it not because he has evinced a love for his subjects, and sought their welfare?

Again: as another proof of our position, let us inquire, whether the man who moves in society, and manifests only principles of cruelty and unkindness, is likely to obtain as many friends, as the man who is affectionate in his disposition, cordial in his manners, free in his attentions and offices of civility? All know, that while the one would be looked upon, with dislike and unkindness, the other would be greeted by the smile of friendship, and the tears of joy; and that his presence would light up the emotions of thankfulness, even in the bosoms of those, who, from their want of improvement, are considered by some, incapable of gratitude.

Let a person of the lowest walk of life, with a heart full of benevolence, and without a single article of charity in his hand, go among the utterly destitute and the uncultivated, and let him sympathize with them, wish them prosperity, and point them to the hope of the gospel; and he will soften into kindness every exasperated feeling of their nature, chase away every emotion of bitterness and ill will, and receive the benedictions of all hearts. Here, then, we see the influence of love.

Again: as another proof of our great position, let us consider the examples of Howard, that great philanthropist. This man's doings and enterprizes were among the outcasts of society. They were among not only the ignorant and uncultivated, but those who had become hardened by repeated crimes, and who were stained by every moral pollution. And after travelling through Europe, and descending into every prison-house, and becoming familiar with men in all the stages of depravity, he gives it as the fruit of his experience, that even the most hard, defying and dauntless criminal, is not unreclaimable, that there is one principle that can be touched and he will live—and that is, the principle of love. "Treat them," he says, "with tenderness, show them that you have humanity, and without relaxing one single iota from the steadiness of a calm and resolute discipline, you will make them feel the workings of those powers, which give man his dignity and moral worth." Here then we see, that the most wicked, those who are past all recovery by terror and entreaty, have still a principle that can be moved by love. And if those in the last and lowest degree of depravity, can be thus reclaimed, what must be its influence on the multitude, and especially on

the morally pure, on those seeking for a growing likeness to God.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

CHRIST A NEVER FAILING FRIEND.

Dear reader, whoever you may be, let me ask you, have you sought acquaintance with Jesus, the never failing friend of sinners? In the silent watches of the night, when all is still as the house of death, when gloom shrouds even the "star lit" sky, and naught is clearly seen by mortal vision; have you never in such an hour of gloom been oppressed with sadness and deep distress, and when you were thus "heavy laden" with sin and sorrow, have you not raised on high your thoughts to Jesus the never failing friend of sinners? Have you not sought acquaintance with him by prayer? Have you not asked of him to pour on your wounded heart the wine and oil of the joy of the salvation of God?—Have you not asked him for heavenly consolation, and have you not received it? O, if you have not, acquaint yourself with Jesus, I beseech you—seek him by prayer—He is accessible to the vilest sinner in the universe—He even invites you—He says, "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—No longer slight this heavenly invitation. Reflect how soon you must part with all that you value most on earth, your power, and riches, and honors, and above all, your dear and invaluable friends. In the hour of death no friend can save you from total extinction of being. No earthly companion can resuscitate your sin-sick soul, and bear it to the gates of bliss. But Jesus, yea, Jesus, the great Physician of souls can cleanse your wounded spirit from the poisonous effects of sin, and escort you to your Father in heaven. There shall friends again meet to part no more forever. There shall they through Jesus the never failing friend of sinners forever adore the God of love. While on earth, then, let us acquaint ourselves with him, let us early seek him by prayer—"Seek and ye shall find," yea, ye shall find "rest to your souls." UNIVERSAL SUPPLICATIONIST.

Stamford, Conn.

MARRIED.

In this city on the evening of the 30th ult. by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. George L. Higbie and Miss Almira Clark.

DIED.

In this city on Tuesday the 24th ult. of the billious remittent fever, Samuel J. Moore in the 38th year of his age.

To eulogize is not the intention of this notice. The deceased only needed to be known to be esteemed and beloved. He regarded it as his duty to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. In all the relations of life, he was found faithful. His memory will be cherished with affection by a large circle of relatives and friends. He lived and died a firm and practical believer in God as "the Savior of all men," looking for "life and immortality" through him who is the "propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world." A little time before his departure he was asked by his wife if he retained his former religious sentiments; to which he calmly replied that he knew no reason why he should change them. He has left an affectionate and beloved wife and two sons in their childhood, to lament his death.—Com.

In this city on Sunday 29th ult. Miss Amanda L. Lincoln, aged 18 years,—a young lady of amiable disposition and great moral worth. She has left a numerous circle of friends to mourn her early departure from the sorrows and joys of this transitory world. May the Lord of his abundant mercy grant her parents and her remaining sister all needful grace and consolation through the gospel of Jesus.

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

There was an open grave—and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on, as if reluctantly it bore
The young, the unwearied form, to that cold couch,
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.
—There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes—

—There was a train
Of young, fair females, with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-toned bell :—
She came with mourning sere, and sorrowing friend,
And tears of those who at her side were nursed
By the same mother.

Ah ! and one was there,
Who, ere the fading of the summer rose,
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But death
Arose between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart the ice of death
Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her—and her kindling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb
Still wasting like a snow wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.
—Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that matron form which bent,
With nursing tenderness, to soothe and bless
Her cradle dream : and her emaciate hand
Intrembling prayer she raised—that He who saved
The sainted mother, would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost ?—Whence then that peace
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that loved
Earth and its pleasures ?—Whence that angel smile
With which the allurements of a world so dear
Were counted and resigned ?—that eloquence
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full
Of sublunary happiness, to seek
A better portion ? Whence that voice of joy,
Which from the marble lips in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home ?
—Cold reasoners be convinced. And when ye stand
Where that fair brow, and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust—where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn—Oh ! lift the heart
In praise to Him, who gave the victory.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

"No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave—no tear
of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over
him."

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen
in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of
golden light, in richness over the boundless ex-
panse of waters. Not a cloud was visible, the
winds were hushed; and the surface of the
ocean was unbroken by a ripple. A solitary
ship was the only object in all the magnificent
scene which spoke the existence of man. Her
sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards.
The light motionless flag, suspended at half
mast, seemed to portend that misfortune, per-
haps death had been there. And such was in-
deed the case. Among the party who compos-
ed the passengers on leaving the port was one
whose health had been declining in the coolness
of our northern winter, and who, as the last hope
of regaining it, had determined to visit the
sunny vine hills of France! and inhale the pure
air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him
adieu, believed it was the last farewell, and he
himself, as his native shores faded from his
sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come
over him that he was going to die among stran-
gers. He was young; and before disease had

fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved
and admired of all. He could ill bear the
thought of dying, for his hopes were high and
animating—just such as an ardent, inexperienced
mind delights to indulge; and he had looked
forward with impatience to the time when he
should become an actor in the busy world. He
had talents and education fitted for any employ-
ment, and his friends confidently anticipated the
period when he should share in the councils of
his country, or stand pre-eminently distinguish-
ed at the bar. He had ties too of a different
nature, which had given a fairy charm to exis-
tence, and bound him still closer to life—ties
which were too fondly cherished—intertwined,
as they were with the very fibres of his heart—
to be severed by any thing save death. No won-
der that he felt it hard to die! But the victims
which the grave selects, are not always those
whom we value most lightly, nor who most
readily sink into its shadows. How often is
youth cut down when just opening into man-
hood, and glorying in all its bright anticipations?
Such was the case with the one before us. Con-
sumption had been silently but gradually per-
forming its task, and the unnatural flush upon
his cheek, and his glazing eye told but too faith-
fully that he was rapidly passing to another
world. He died at last—and his death was
calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant fold-
ed in a mother's arms. And now his manly
body lay stretched on the deck about to be com-
mitted to the world of waters—a feeble thing—
but oh! the hope and happiness of how many
hearts may go with it to old ocean's silent
chasms! The ship's company were collected
and stood around gazing upon the cold, placid
countenance which they were about to consign
with all its beauty to the deep. No word was
uttered, but memory recalled the gentle voice
and sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy
pictured the sorrow which his death would cast
over the circle he had left. An appropriate
prayer, and a few remarks suggested by the oc-
casion were the only religious ceremonies per-
formed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if
it could know, in its unconsciousness that tears
were in the eyes of the strangers, and tender-
ness in their bosoms. Then a single heavy
plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the
ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples
over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained
eyes after the slowly sinking corpse, till it grew
dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water,
and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy si-
lence succeeded. The desolation of a desert
pervaded the ship.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

There is eloquence of thought as well as
of language in the following paragraph from
Arnott's Elements of Physic :

"The functions by which the animal body
assumes foreign matters from around, and con-
verts them into its own substance, is little in-
viting in some of its details; but taken alto-
gether is one of the most wonderful subjects
which can engage the human attention. It
points directly to the curious and yet unanswer-
ed question—What is LIFE? The student of
nature may analyze with all his art those mi-
nute portions of matter called seeds and ova,
which he knows to be the rudiments of future
creatures, and the links by which endless ge-
nerations of living creatures hang to existence :
but he cannot disentangle and display apart
their mysterious LIFE! that something under
the influence of which each little germ in due
time swells out to fill an invisi-ble mould of ma-
turity which determines its forms and propor-
tions. One such substance thus becomes a
beautiful rose-bush; another a noble oak; a
third an eagle, a fourth an elephant—yea, in the

same way, out of the rude materials of broken
seeds and roots, and leaves of plants, and pits of
animal flesh, is built up the human frame itself
whether of the active male, combining grace-
fulness with strength, or of the gentler wo-
man, with beauty around her as light. How
passing strange that such should be the origin
of the bright human eye, whose glance pierces
as if the invisible soul were shot with it—of the
lips which pour forth sweetest eloquence—of
the larynx, which, by vibrating, fills the sur-
rounding air with music; and more wonder-
ful than all, of that mass shut up within the
bony fortress of the skull, whose delicate and
curious texture is the abode of the soul, with
its reason which contemplates, and its sensibili-
ty which delights in these and endless other
miracles of creation!"

THE WIFE.

How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife! When
wearied and broken down by the labors of the
day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares
restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties,
and the heaviest misfortunes of life, are hardly
to be borne by him who has the weight of busi-
ness and domestic cares at the same time to
contend with. But how much lighter do they
seem, when, after his necessary avocations are
over, he returns to his home, and finds there a
partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes,
for his sake, her share of domestic labors upon
her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation.
A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and
esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to a
man. No—she shares his burdens, and she
alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty
so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be
surmounted by the mutual labors, and the affec-
tionate concern of that holy partnership.

BALFOUR'S WORKS

Just received and for sale at this office.

Balfour's first and second Inquiry—Essays—
Letters to Hudson—Reply to Sabine—Reply to
Professor Stuart—Reply to Dr. Allen—Letters
to Rev. Dr. Beecher—Tricks of Revivalists Ex-
posed, being the substance of two discourses de-
livered in Boston.

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gman in Massachusetts.

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